

THE
MAX

image

30
JUNE

\$1.95
\$2.70
CANADA



image COMICS PRESENTS:



story & art
**SAM KIETH
& DAVE FEISS**

finishes
JIM SINCLAIR

lettering
KELL-O-GRAPHICS

color
STEVE OLIFF
and OLYOPTICS

logo
CHANCE WOLF

film output
TONY KELLY
and KELL-O-GRAPHICS

OLYOPTICS:

Tracey Anderson, Stacy Cox,
Michael "Jerm" Jeremiah, Patti Stratton Jordan,
Quinn Supplee.

FOR IMAGE COMICS

Executive Director:
LARRY MARDER

Art Director:
DOUG GRIFFITH

Production Manager:
RONNA VLADIC

Graphic Design:
KENNY FELIX

Communications Director:
BRENT BRAUN

Accounting Administrator:
LEE PATIN

Director of Sales:
BOB MATSON

MAXX #30. MAY 1997. FIRST PRINTING. An Image Comics Title published by Image Comics, 1440 N. Harbor Blvd, #305 Fullerton, CA 92635. Entire contents TM and © 1997 Sam Kieth, all rights reserved. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Sam Kieth. Eye patch, what eye patch. Send correspondence to: Sam Kieth, 4363 Hazel Avenue, Suite 1-285, Fair Oaks, California, 95628. (nghtime@aol.com). Publishers and creator assume no responsibility for unsolicited materials or classified ads.

PRINTED IN CANADA.





SARA?

I DON'T
THINK YOU'RE
GONNA FIND HER
IN THERE!

UH... RIGHT,
I MUST LOOK
LIKE AN IDIOT.

I FEEL LIKE
AN IDIOT, WEARING
THIS STUPID OUTFIT.
AT LEAST WHEN I WAS
PART RABBIT, THE
MASK WAS PART
OF MY FACE.

NOW THAT I'M
A MAN, I'M JUST
A DORK WITH A
LAMP SHADE.

I THINK
IT'S CUTE.

DAVE,
COME HERE --
YOU'RE GONNA
MISS IT!



SPRINKLERS!
THERE'S WATER
IN SPRINKLERS,
RIGHT?

SARA, CAN
YOU HEAR ME,
HONEY?

MOM, WILL
YOU QUIT RUNNING
AROUND MUTTERING
LIKE A NUT? WE'RE
PRETTY BUSY
HERE.

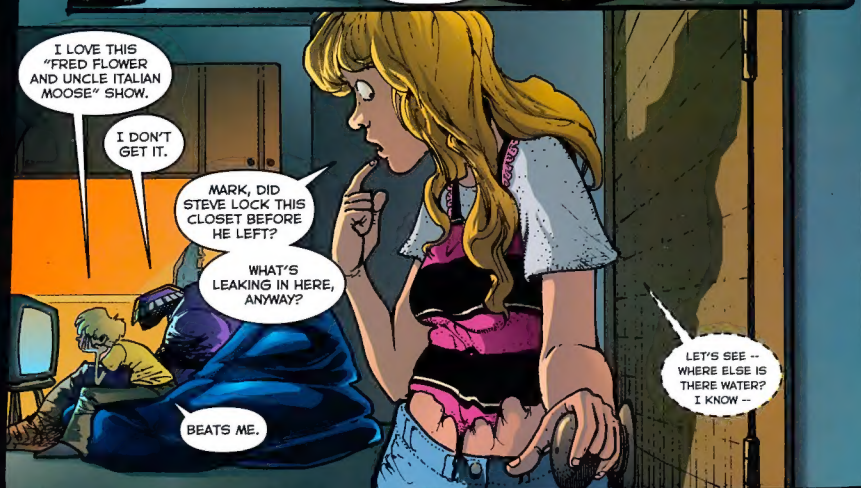
YEAH --
I'LL TRY NOT
TO INTERFERE
WITH YOUR
"IMPORTANT GUY
STUFF".

WHY IS WATER
COMING FROM
THE CLOSET?

COW SHID
I KNOW?

HEH --
GOOD ONE.

SARA?



I LOVE THIS
"FRED FLOWER
AND UNCLE ITALIAN
MOOSE" SHOW.

I DON'T
GET IT.

MARK, DID
STEVE LOCK THIS
CLOSET BEFORE
HE LEFT?

WHAT'S
LEAKING IN HERE,
ANYWAY?

BEATS ME.

LET'S SEE --
WHERE ELSE IS
THERE WATER?
I KNOW --



DON'T WORRY,
HONEY -- DADDY
LOST YOU, BUT
WE'LL GET YOU
BACK.

SARA... ARE
YOU THERE?



THIS IS NUTS. I
CAN'T KEEP TALKING
TO TOILETS AND FAUCETS
THE REST OF MY LIFE. THIS IS
EITHER GRIEF, OR SARA'S NOT
DEAD, OR GONE'S PLAYING
MIND GAMES WITH ME.

PEOPLE DON'T
COME BACK FROM
THE AFTERLIFE AS
TALKING WATER. *RUNNING*
WATER, MAYBE -- WELL,
AT LEAST I HAVEN'T
LOST MY SENSE
OF HUMOR...

MEANWHILE, MARK AND
MAXX BLISSFULLY WATCH
THE BOOB TOOB, WHILE
I RIDE THE CHOO CHOO
TO BONKERSVILLE.



GOD,
THIS SHOW
IS STUPID. WHY
DOES THAT MOOSE
STAY WITH THAT
FLOWER GUY,
ANYWAY?



OH, WELL --
AT LEAST MARK'S
BONDING WITH
SOMEONE...



"UNFORTUNATELY,
IT'S THE TV..."





OK, LET'S
SEE. NINE MONTHS
BEHIND ON RENT...

GAS TURNED
OFF.

SIX-FOOT
MOOSE THAT
WON'T WORK.

NO FOOD
AND DOWN TO MY
LAST PACK OF
CIGARETTES,

AND THE
ONLY THING
KEEPING US WARM
IS THE GLOW OF THIS
CRAPPY TV.



YET THE WARM-A
GLOW OF THE TV
ECHOES THE WARM-A
GLOW OF OUR
FRIENDSHIP.



YEAH AND WE'D BE
WARMED BY SOMETHING
OTHER THAN THE SPANISH
CHANNEL IF YOU HADN'T
BROKEN THE STUPID KNOB.



BUT I LIKE-A
THE SPANISH CHANNEL.
"SABADO GIGANTE"...
NOW THAT'S-A SHOW!

BUT YOU
DON'T SPEAK
SPANISH.

IS-A
THAT-A
CRIME?



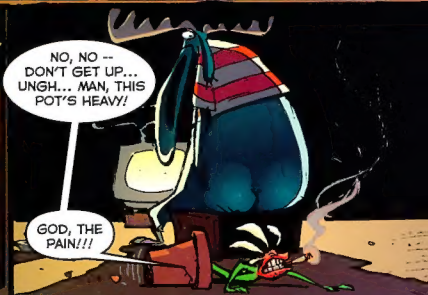
FLOWER WOULDN'T
BE MINDIN' A BEER
RIGHT ABOUT NOW.



OK, WE'RE
PLAYING THIS GAME --
MAKE THE FLOWER GET
HIS OWN BEER...



OK, I'LL
GET MY OWN
BEER.



NO, NO --
DON'T GET UP...
UNGH... MAN, THIS
POT'S HEAVY!!

GOD, THE
PAIN!!!



OK-A, FRED
FLOWER, I'LL-A
GET IT.

NO, NO -- YOU
STAY WARM IN FRONT
OF THE TV.



I THINK-A
FRED FLOWER
CAN-A MOVE PRETTY
FAST WHEN HE
WANNA.

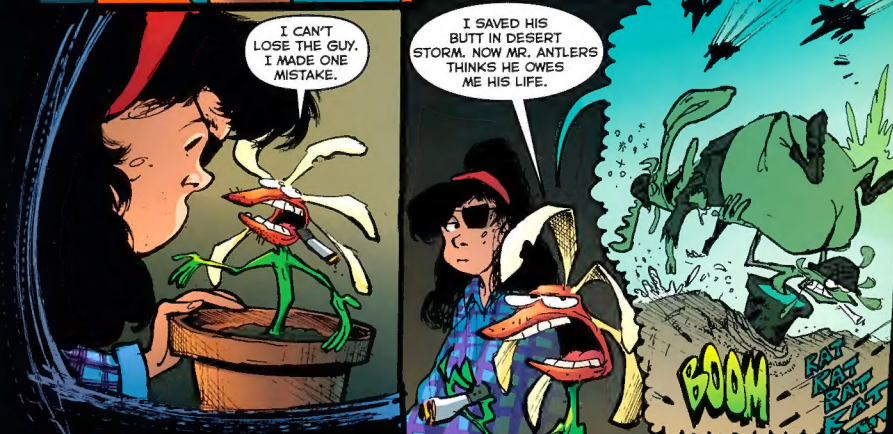
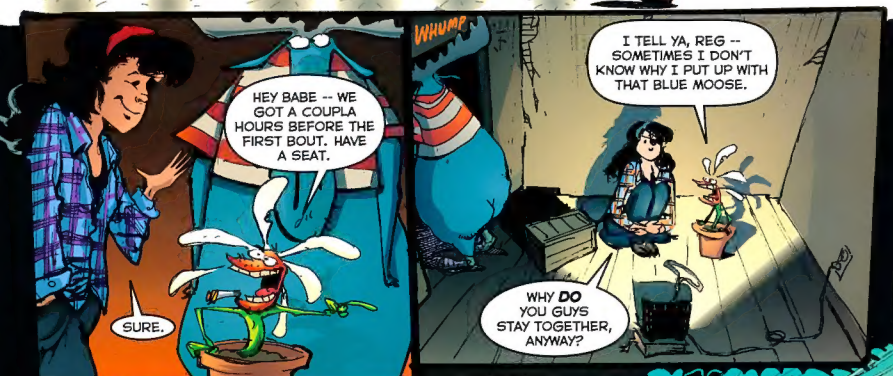
YOU THINK
I'M FAKIN'???
'CAUSE IF YOU THINK
I'M FAKIN' --



IT'S-A EMPTY.
YOU AND THE
NUN DRANK 'EM ALL
A-LAST-A NIGHT.

OH YEAH.
I FORGOT.
GREAT -- WHO'S
AT THE DOOR?

**KNOCK
KNOCK**



WOW! NO WONDER YOU'RE BUDS. WAS HE WITH THE ITALIAN TROOPS?

NO, MOOSE TROOPS.

FRED, DO YOU KNOW A TOBACCO-CHEWING NUN'S SITTING NEXT TO YOU?

FRED, DO YOU REALIZE A ONE-EYED GIRL IN FLANNEL'S SITTING NEXT TO YOU?

REG, SISTER MURRY. SISTER MURRY, REG.

NICE TO MEET YA.

HEY.

I HEAR YOU PROMISED NOT TO GUILT TRIP THE MOOSE INTO GOING BACK TO WORK.

UH...

YOU GONNA LET HIM BE AN ARTIST? RIGHT.

ER...

♪ THERE'RE TIMES IN A WOMAN'S LIFE OF TRANSCENDENTAL BEAUTY. ♪

THAT'S A RIGHT. YOU PROMISED-A, FRED FLOWER. SOMEDAY, I'LL-A BE SO FAMOUS, WE'LL LIVE IN...

...LUXURY'S LAP!

SHE'S... INTERESTING...

♪ LOOK AT ME, I'M AS HELPLESS AS A KITTEN... ♪

♫ SIGH ♫ SOMEBODY SHOOT ME.



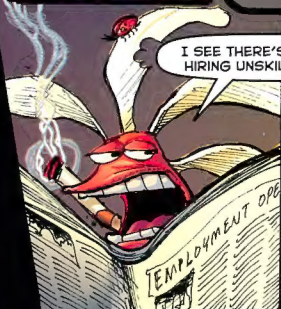
LATER THAT EVENING

WELL...
LOOKEE HERE. PLENTY
OF HELP WANTEDS.

CAN'T HEAR YOU --
WATER RUNNING --
I'M WASHING THE DISH.



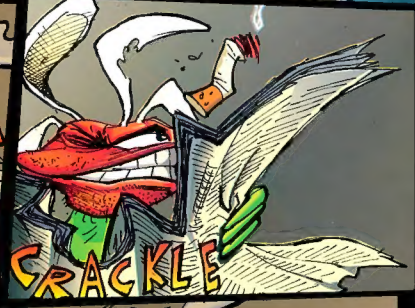
I SEE THERE'S A FACTORY
HIRING UNSKILLED LABOR.



I'D WORK IF
I COULD. I KNOW IT'S
HARD TO RESPECT A
FLOWER WHOSE ROOTS
ARE BENT AND
PARALYZED.

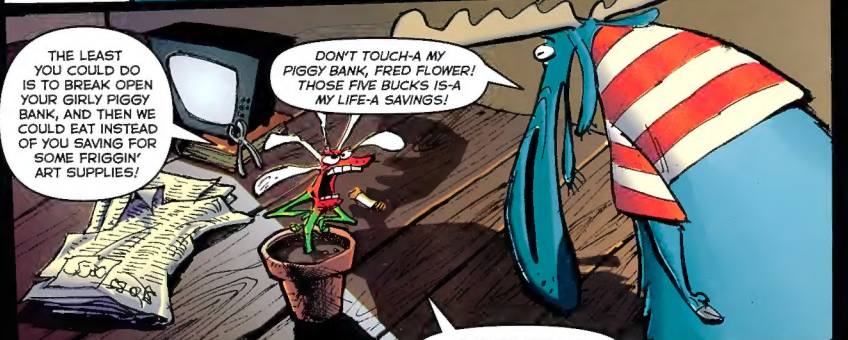


I'M-A SORRY, FRED
FLOWER. MY ARTIST'S
HOOFS ARE NOT-A MEANT
FOR MANUAL LABOR.



THE LEAST
YOU COULD DO
IS TO BREAK OPEN
YOUR GIRLY PIGGY
BANK, AND THEN WE
COULD EAT INSTEAD
OF YOU SAVING FOR
SOME FRIGGIN'
ART SUPPLIES!

DON'T TOUCH-A MY
PIGGY BANK, FRED FLOWER!
THOSE FIVE BUCKS IS-A
MY LIFE-A SAVINGS!



JUST GO OUT AND
PLEEEEEEEZE GET A JOB.

I'M A
CARICATURIST --
THAT'S-A MY JOB.

EVERYBODY DRAWS A BIG-A
HEAD AN' A LEEETLE BODY.
BUT I'M-A ORIGINAL.

I DRAW LEEETLE
HEADS WITH
BIG-A BODIES.

YEAH --
THAT'S ORIGINAL
ALRIGHT.

WHAT KIND OF
IDIOT ARE YOU? MY
HEAD'S SO SMALL
YOU'VE MADE MY
WIFE CRY!

THAT'LL BE
FIVE-A
BUCKS-A,
PLEASE.

THE WORLD
IS NOT
READY FOR
AN ARTIST
LIKE UNCLE
ITALIAN
MOOSE.

CRUMPLE

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT.

HOW CAN
YOU-A SAY THAT,
FRED FLOWER?

OK, THE
WORLD'S READY.

YOU MOCK-A ME, FRED
FLOWER. I WOULD-A GO BACK
TO WORK -- BUT I-A CAN'T. MAYBE
YOU COULD GET A JOB THAT
DOESN'T NEED-A LEGS.

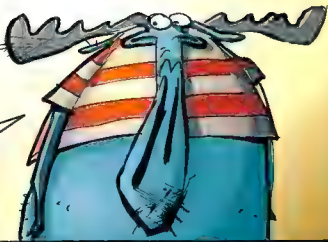
YEAH, LIKE
A DOORSTOP.

IT'S
A JOB.

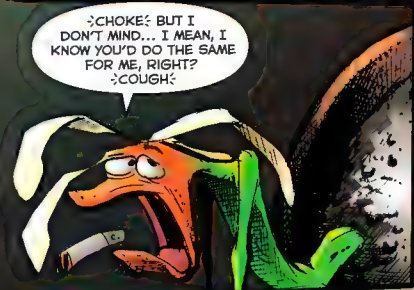
OK -- I CAN
SEE WHAT'S
GONNA HAVE TO
HAPPEN HERE.

WHUMP

~SIGH~



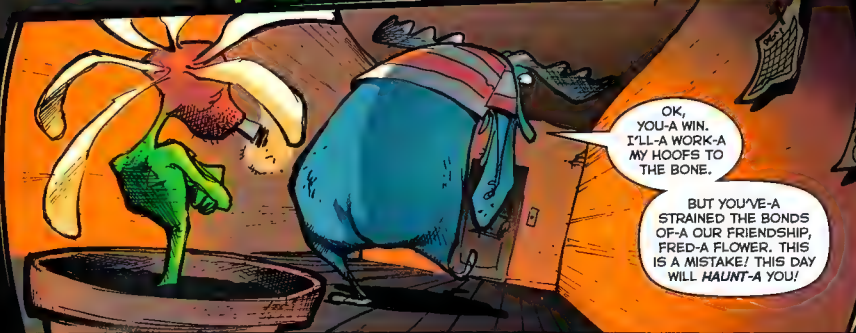
FINE! I'M GONNA HAVE
TO KILL MYSELF, DRAGGIN' MY POT ALL OVER
TOWN LOOKIN' FOR WORK, JUST TO PROTECT
YOUR GIRLY HOOVES!



~CHOKE~ BUT I
DON'T MIND... I MEAN, I
KNOW YOU'D DO THE SAME
FOR ME, RIGHT?
~COUGH~



I'M A BAD-A
MOOSE, FRED
FLOWER. I'M GOING
TO MOOSE-A HELL.



OK,
YOU-A WIN.
I'LL-A WORK-A
MY HOOFS TO
THE BONE.

BUT YOU'VE-A
STRAINED THE BONDS
OF-A OUR FRIENDSHIP,
FRED-A FLOWER. THIS
IS A MISTAKE! THIS DAY
WILL HAUNT-A YOU!



HAUNT MY
BUTT.

SLAM!



HEY, FRED,
WHERE'S UNCLE
MOOSE?

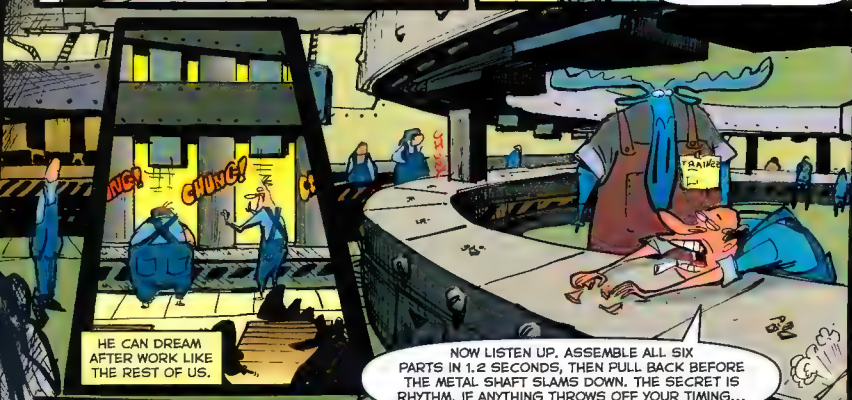
UNCLE ITALIAN
MOOSE. HE'S AT
THE FACTORY.



WHAT??? BUT
YOU PROMISED!!!

BACK OFF,
BABE. YOU WANNA
PAY OUR BILLS?

WHAT ABOUT HIS DREAMS?



CHUNG!
CHUNG!

HE CAN DREAM
AFTER WORK LIKE
THE REST OF US.

NOW LISTEN UP. ASSEMBLE ALL SIX
PARTS IN 1.2 SECONDS, THEN PULL BACK BEFORE
THE METAL SHAFT SLAMS DOWN. THE SECRET IS
RHYTHM. IF ANYTHING THROWS OFF YOUR TIMING...

K
A
C
H
U
N
K

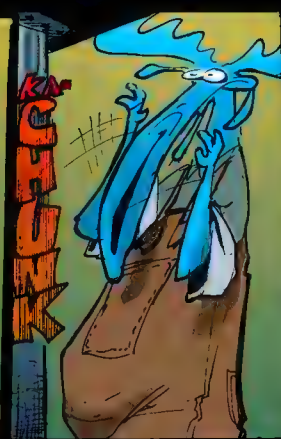


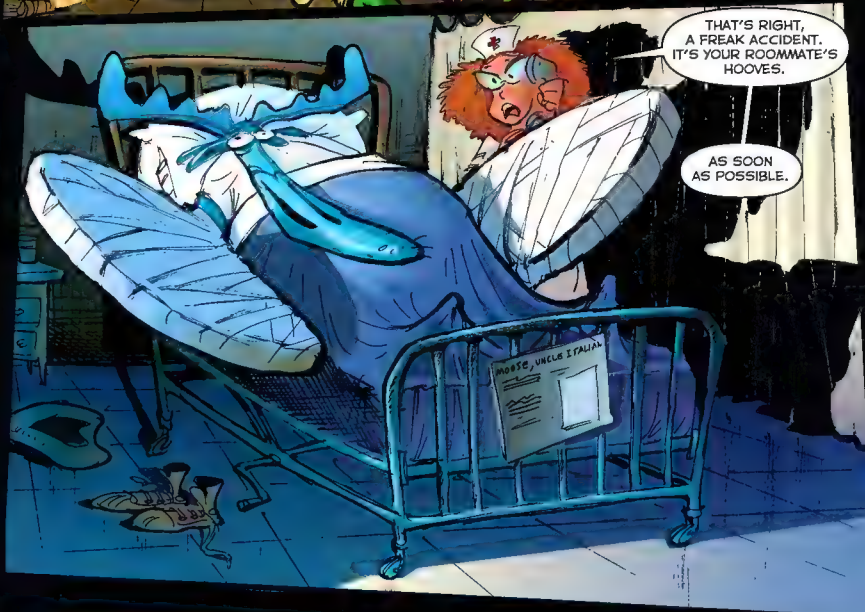
CHUNK



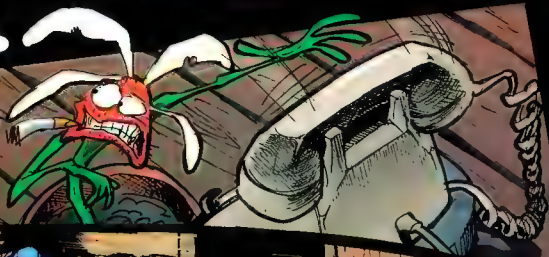
TRAINING
MOOSE, U.I.

...YOU WON'T
BE PLAYING PIANO
ANY MORE.





THOSE
CHICKS'LL BLAME
ME -- I KNOW IT!



OK -- EVERYBODY
OUT! GAME'S OVER!!!
YOU LOSE!!!



FRED! WHAT'S
THE DEAL?!!



UH -- THEY
NEED MY ADVICE
AT THE HOSPITAL.
GOTTA GO!

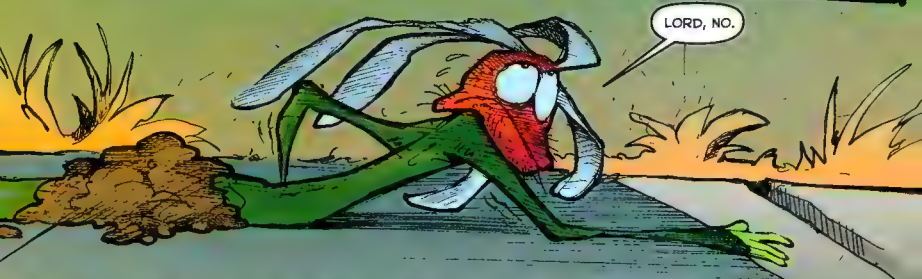
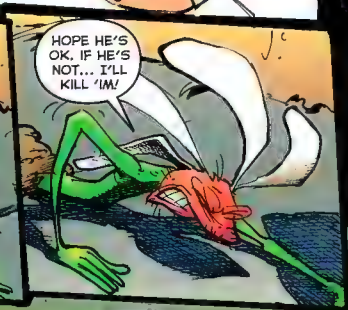
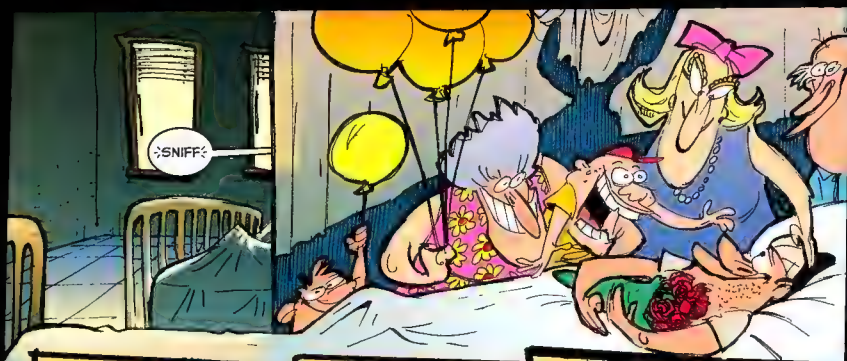


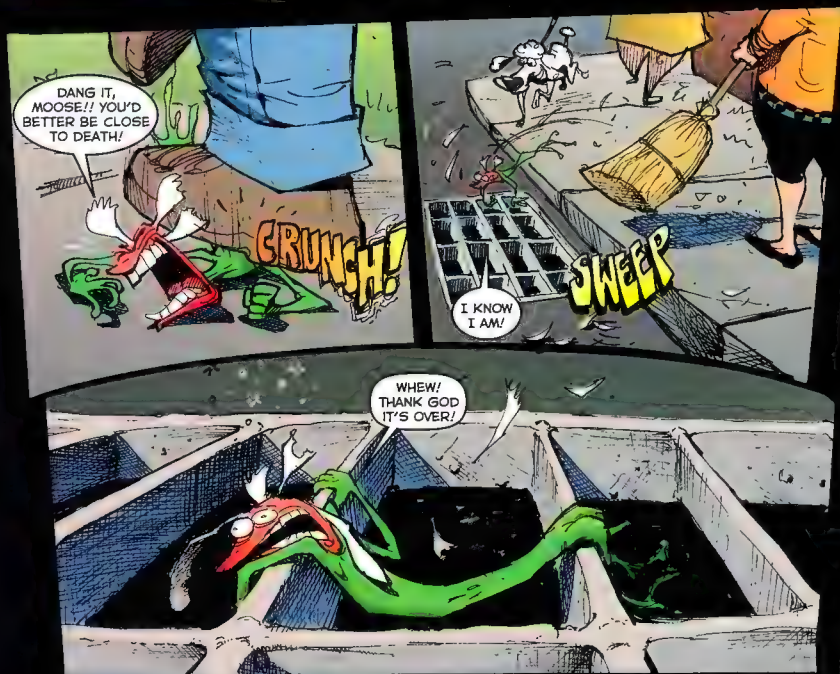
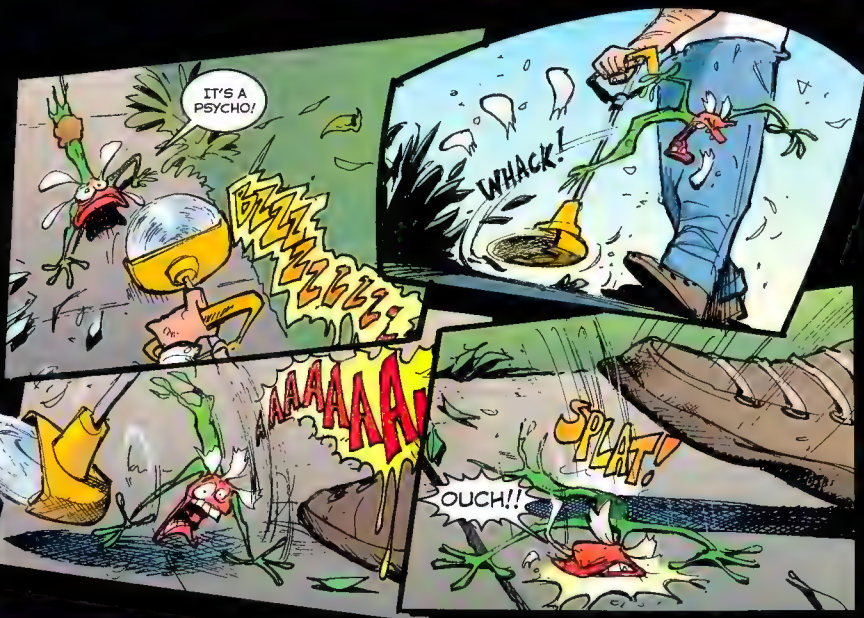
GRE-A-A-T!
NOW WHAT'LL
I DO?!! EVERYTHING
HAPPENS TO...

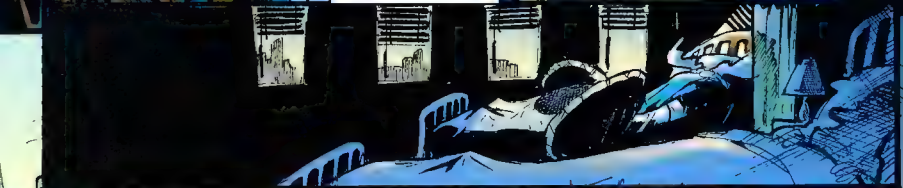
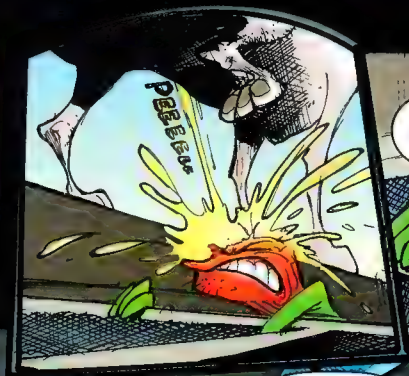


WHOA!!!









GREAT, NOW I'M SISTER MURRY.





MOOSE --
IT'S ME.

YOU OK?



OH,
IT'S-A
YOU.




MY HOOFS
ARE LIKE-A
PANCAKES.

OF COURSE
THEY'RE-A
BROKEN.

LIKE
MY ITALIAN-A
HEART.

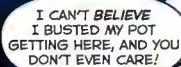
UH-HUH...

AW JEEZ,
MOOSE -- LOOK
AT YER MITTS. ARE
THEY BROKEN?

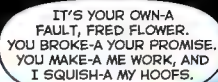


NO ONE-A
VISITED ME. I
DON'T EVEN-A
GET A FLOWER.

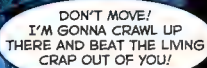
NOT EVEN
A FRED
FLOWER.



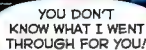
I CAN'T BELIEVE
I BUSTED MY POT
GETTING HERE, AND YOU
DON'T EVEN CARE!



IT'S YOUR OWN-A
FAULT, FRED FLOWER.
YOU BROKE-A YOUR PROMISE.
YOU MAKE-A ME WORK, AND
I SQUISH-A MY HOOF.



DON'T MOVE!
I'M GONNA CRAWL UP
THERE AND BEAT THE LIVING
CRAP OUT OF YOU!



YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT I WENT
THROUGH FOR YOU!

EVER
LOST A PETAL
TO A WEED
EATER?

IT HURTS,
PAL!

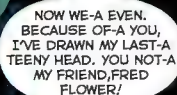
I'M HURTIN'
HERE!



WHY SHOULD
I APOLOGIZE
TO-A YOU?



BUT, UH,
I ACCEPT YOUR
APOLOGY. JUST GIVE
ME A PIGGYBACK
RIDE, AND LET'S
BLOW THIS
JOINT.



NOW WE-A EVEN.
BECAUSE OF-A YOU,
I'VE DRAWN MY LAST-A
TEENY HEAD. YOU NOT-A
MY FRIEND, FRED
FLOWER!

GET-A OUT!



A-LATER

HEY, MOOSE. YOU
BACK FROM THE
HOSPITAL YET?

HELLO?
YOU HOME? TAKIN'
A DUMP??

GUESS
NOT.

MAYBE
HE MOVED
OUT...

HE'S GONE.
I FINALLY PUSHED
HIM TOO FAR. HE'S
LEFT FOR GOOD.

HEY! I SHOULD
BE HAPPY! SCREW
ROOMMATES! I'M A
BACHELOR NOW --
CHICKS N' PIZZA
EVERY NIGHT!

AND NO MORE
MOOSE!!!!

AWWW, I'M KIDDIN'
MYSELF. THAT MOOSE
IS THE CLOSEST THING
TO A FRIEND I'VE GOT.
WELL, THERE'S REGINA
AND THE NUN... BUT
THEY'RE CHICKS...

MOOSE, IF
YOU'D JUST COME
BACK, THIS FLOWER
WOULD CHANGE.

I'D BE
A BETTER
FLOWER...

... A BETTER
FRED.



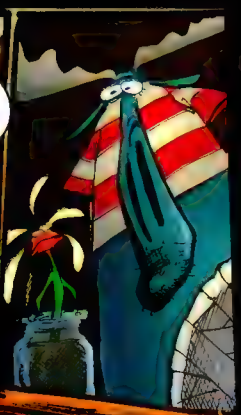


THAT'S-A IT!!!
I-A SCREWED UP AGAIN!
MY CAREER IS-A OVER.
NO MORE-A DREAMIN'
FOR ME. BACK-A TO
THE FACTORY!

PLOP! PLOP!



WELL, GUESS
THIS IS WHERE YOU
EXPECT ME TO "GO
GIRLY" ON YA AND
APOLOGIZE. WELL,
FORGET IT!



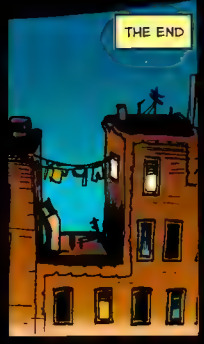
I LOVE-A
YOU TOO, FRED-A
FLOWER.



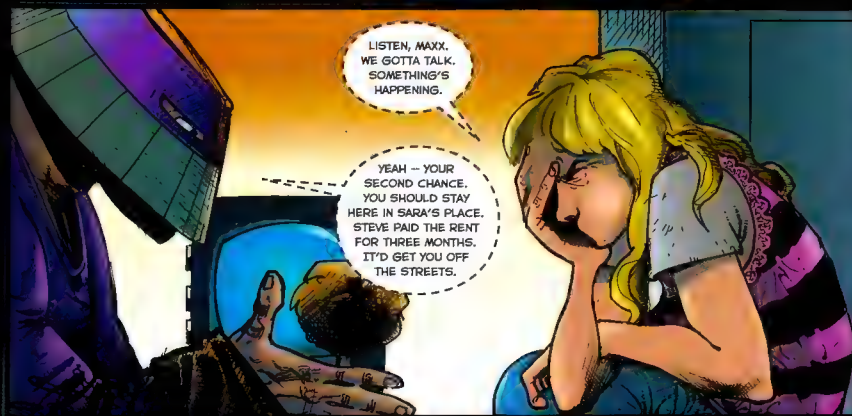
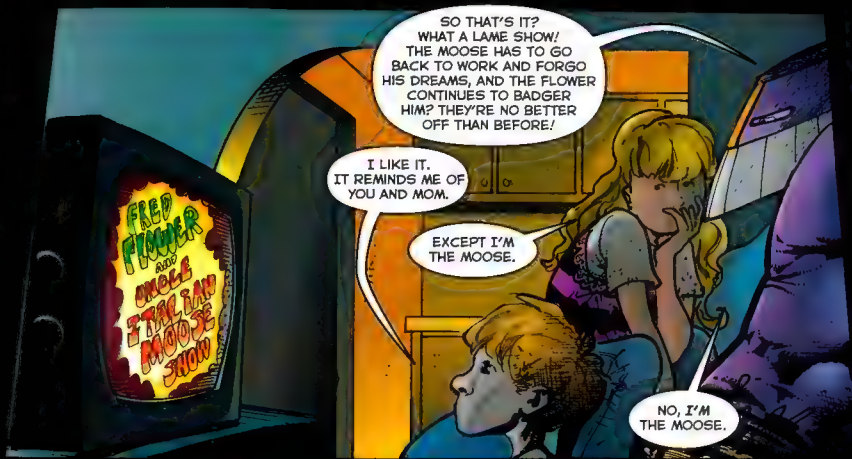
BIENVENIDOS
A SABADO
GIGANTE!

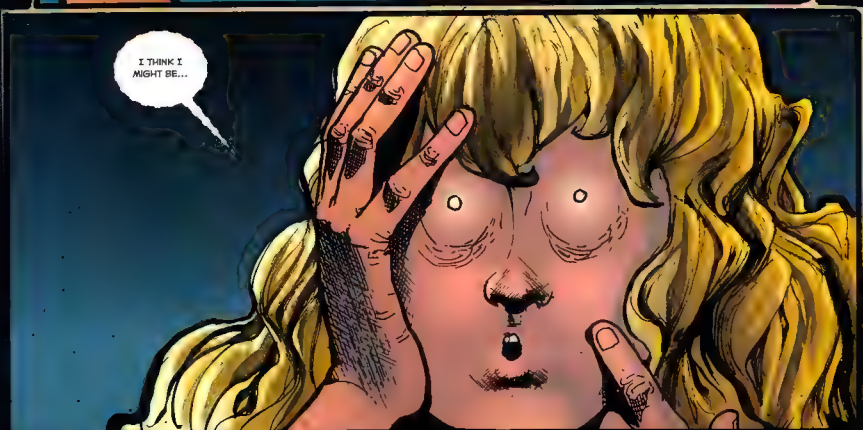


SABADO
GIGANTE...
NOW THERE'S
A SHOW.



THE END







...CRACKING UP...

LISTEN -- DOES
SARA'S VOICE TELL YOU
TO DO BAD STUFF?



WELL, NO.

THEN YOU'RE *NOT*
CRACKING UP, YOU'VE JUST
BEEN COOPED UP IN HER APARTMENT
TOO LONG. SARA'S DISAPPEARING
LIKE THIS HAS GOT
US ALL JUMPY.



IS ALL
HER STUFF
PACKED
UP?

YEAH, EXCEPT FOR THAT
CLOSET. THE DOOR'S JAMMED.

LEAVE IT. IT'S
GOOD LUCK TO
HAVE SOME OF
SARA'S THINGS
AROUND WHEN
YOU MOVE IN.

BUT WE DON'T KNOW
WHAT'S *IN* THERE.





HEY—we still need black and white art for Maxx Traxx!!! Everybody's sending in color stuff, but we need more b/w. Don't be shy. Send 'em along. Letters, too—always letters. Your chances of having a letter printed in The Maxx are better now than ever.

We finally got Ish's 7-12 together into The Maxx trade paperback #2, which is in the stores as we speak. Check it out.

You may remember the Flower and the Moose from Ish 21; we finally got around to doing their story in this issue. Thanks to Dave Feiss for drawing/co-writing it!! Next ish: back to more Mx and Friends' shenanigans.

Dear Senor Kieth,

I just finished ish 26 and 27 and I think I've figured out the correlation between the iz and the exploding fairies. The blind aborigine children in ish 26 are a manifestation of Gone's first child, Phred. But since the aborigine tribe never existed, we might conclude that the Australian Outback Gone visited was possibly his own Outback. Now the question is: does everyone have their own iz-like creatures in their own Outback, or are Gone and Iago, shall we say, bringing these iz/exploding fairies into Sara's and Julie's outbacks?

Also, if exploding fairies are to Sara what iz are to Julie, then is Iago to Sara what Mr. Gone is to Julie? In other words, are Iago and Mr. Gone kindred?

Your bewildered reader,
Chim-Chim Smith
San Luis Obispo, CA

P.S. What the Hell does "Chung" mean?

Read on—

Dear Mr. Kieth,

Hello. My name is Robyn Willis and I enjoy reading *The Maxx*. For a year now, I have been trying to find out what the story's foundation might have been based on, if based on anything. I think I found it. The theories/essays from psychologist C.G. Jung is my guess. When I first started reading some of Jung's essays, I recalled the CHUNGI CHUNGI on the pages of the comic. At the time that I read the comic, I thought it was the sound Maxx makes when he is walking. But, could Jung and Chung have something to do with each other?

As an artist, you probably won't disclose where your story came from, but if you could, would it be possible for you to write me and let me know if I'm correct?

Please feel free to include any insights of your own that might have been used in the story. If I am totally wrong, you might be interested in the book I'm currently reading, *Man and His Symbols* by C. G. Jung.

Thank you for your time,
Robyn Willis
Huntington Beach, CA

Chung is Jung? Huh? Oh, well—sounds good to me...

Dear Sam Kieth,

This is an urgent letter call!! In *Maxx Traxx* of ish 26, there was an art piece by an artist named Chris

Robinson from Britte, MT who submitted a drawing of Sara. Do you have any information about how I could get in touch with him—I'm thinking of trying to write a story with him as the artist.

Sincerely,
Jimbo
P.O. Box 12451
Santa Barbara, CA 93107

Sorry—can't give out his address, but there's yours in case he (she?) wants to get in touch.

Dear Sam Kieth,

Last week I discovered *The Maxx*. [Wheeeee-hoo!!!] My cool fifteen year old son was watching a tape he'd made of the TV version, and I happened by. A couple of those gorgeously designed frames and I was hooked. By the next day, I had got hold of issues 1-13, shared my find with my senior English classes (who now think I'm not only weird but cool), and put in an order at the local comic store.

Man, by now you certainly don't need an ex-Brit Canadian middle-aged mom/English teacher to tell you what a delicious thing you have made—but what the heck; I'll do it anyway.

When I saw *The Maxx*, one of those shivery-up-your-back things happened. So I researched, like a good academic, and consulted the experts: *Is this just one among many? Is it derivative? Is there a source? What do the contemporaries look like? Just who is this guy anyway?* I looked; I learned, all the time feeling guiltily like an untrusting wife going through her husband's pockets.

Well, to cut a long story short, I still love *The Maxx* just as much—I should have trusted my instincts; after all, Reader Response Crit. is where it's at (although Deconstructing Maxx, Gone and Julie would be fun...)

Eva Burkowski
Thunder Bay, Ontario, Canada

Thanks.

Dear Sam,

I just read ish #28 and really like the "fairy tale" effect, though, to be honest, I am still totally stuck on issue 26.

I'm not proud to say that, like most everyone I know, I, too, was abused as a child. I thought I came out of the whole mess OK...maybe a little odd feeling...maybe with so much as an inferiority complex which I am still defeating, but over a period of time I discovered another problem. I didn't think a lot of it until I read issue 26...what's the problem, you wonder?

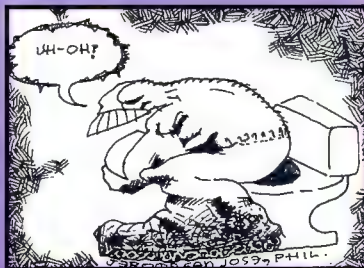
I think I'm incapable of having a normal relationship. I always seem to go for the abusive guys that make me feel like dirt, and I can't seem to get over it and find a normal guy.

I respect Mr. Gone for trying to have a normal relationship after such a horrible past, but I'm afraid I'm not so brave...I haven't been in any kind of relationship for around two years and I really think it's going to stay that way forever for my own safety from myself.

Obsessive Maxx fan,
Name withheld by request

P.S. if my attacker ever showed up at my front door, realistically I'd have a heart attack and die, but not so realistically I'd blow his brains out with my wimpy little 45.

No kidding. So would I. And I wouldn't be so sure about your "lack of bravery."



Jerome San Jose, Philippines

NOW FOR A FEW MORE WORDS ABOUT FRIENDS OF MAXX, MAY IT REST IN PEACE:

Dear Maxx,

I really love your comics. I especially like #3 (FOM). You should have your comic be more about you than about your friends. I mean, they are cool and all, but you are too.

Sincerely,
Ryon Hallman
Troy, NY

Maxx says thanks.

Dear Sam,

Sorry about FOM. I like to think that each Mxhd is a FOM. I buy other comics, but Maxx Traxx is the only letter page I read with the same passion as the comic itself.

Suggestion: Maybe you could make FOM a once a year thing and make half of the book fan art. Sort of a really big Maxx Traxx. Just a thought.

Question: The Paramount movie development—how's that going? *Tramps and Vamps*—what number was Julie in, and the *Gay Comics*, what number was Sara in? I hear you were doing something with *X-Files* next year: True or false?

Mike Petite
Verona, NJ

The movie deal is still in development. *Tramps and Vamps* is a gen-you-ine book by Camille Paglia (not a comic); Maxx does a cameo in the back. Sara appeared recently in *Gay Comics*. *X-Files*: No comment.

Dear Sam, the Maximum plot man,

I vote no on changing the past. Granted, the "can't change your past" story is old, but the "do change your past, now see this alternate history" story is old by now too. Time travel is best left to *Doctor Who*, the only ongoing series I've ever seen that does it well, whether it's on TV or elsewhere. Now, if only someone besides Marvel would do something with it... sigh... so, anyway, the best answer is to have Maxx and Julie and Sara in Mark's story, the same way Maxx and Julie are in Sara's story now (though *Gone* is right insofar as Dave putting on the Maxx costume again).

Mark Spera's article irritates me in the same way as an earlier writer did, who wrote that "no one is a loser." Both are wrong, because both make sweeping statements about Maxx fandom, treating them collectively rather than as individuals. Fortunately, the best answer to Spera is another letter in the same *Traxx*, specifically K.M.C.'s. She proves why people can "bitch and moan" to Sam "all day," so long as you, Sam, are willing to listen (although in her turn, K.M.C. makes her own mistake, blaming society for her rape, rather than the individual who raped her. There's that individual versus collective thing again).

However, neither of these points is my main reason for writing. My big reason is to campaign to save *FRIENDS OF THE MAXX!!* FOM is too good to let die! Yes, I know you can't juggle two books at once, even if you're only writing FOM and not doing the art. The Solution? Turn FOM into a rotating creator book like *Legends of the Dark Knight* or *Gen 13 Bootleg*. It would be a lot easier for you, Sam, to approve of a writer and artist for each quarterly issue of FOM, than it would be to write it. Come on, don't let one of the few worthwhile spinoff books go under! All other FOM fans out there, write in to save FOM!!

Last but not least, it did my heart good to see Amado Rodriguez's artwork, depicting Dave Maxx and Norbert Maxx side by side.

Jay McIntyre
Doylestown, PA

Sigh. For Neil you go to *SANDMAN* (or used to); for Hernandez Brothers you go to *LOVE AND ROCKETS*; and for story by me, you pick up...Maxx. Trust me.

Dear Sam,

When questioned about a movie, you said you were working on it. And then I read you were planning on using real people. I sent a picture to prove I'm not totally psycho (only partially!) and am a Julie Winters look-alike. I'd like to say I've also been told this by people who know *The Maxx*, either through the comic or MTV.

I admit I'm only an aspiring actress, but hey—can't I even get

a one-line response, like "Yeah, right, you wouldn't even stand a chance if hell froze over, pigs flew, and cows ate people for fun while laughing over a mochaccino." So maybe it's selfish of me to want this, but everyone wants something.

Your slavishly waiting Julie look-alike
Maxxhead,

Heather Brooke Mattson
Broomfield, CO

OK—If there's a Maxx movie, and IF I get any say in it, then you'll be in the movie. No guarantees you'll be Julie, though.

Dear Mr. Kieth,

Well, it looks as if Sara's story is reaching its climax and therefore will be ending soon. Where will *The Maxx* go from here? Mark Winters and his Outback? If so, be careful. The appeal of Julie's story was in us figuring out what the Outback was and what it meant. When the Sara story began, we all knew what the Outback was but still wanted to see it from another character's view, sort of establishing the rule in *The Maxx* that "everybody has an Outback." But to begin the cycle again with Mark could end up turning the Outback into a cliché.

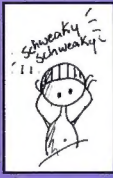
So, where do I think the story should go from here? Don't worry, I'm going to tell you... whatever you may choose to do, DON'T GET RID OF GONE. Mr. Gone is one of the most fascinating villain/heroes I've ever encountered in any book, comic or otherwise; he's right up there with Cap'n Ahab and Claude Frollo. He absolutely cannot die or "retire" and putter around his trailer for the rest of his life... at least not now. There's just so much ground you can still cover, both in his past and in his future. It may seem that his whole story was laid out in #26, but what is his connection with the government? There's that reference in #19 that "the G-men" sent him to Australia, though nothing more was ever said. And Alan Moore's wacky secret agents and their interest in Artie... I realize that you may want to ignore Alan's contribution, but to do so would leave a major mystery unexplained, and we readers really hate that. I can just see a future issue opening with Artie on the run from his twisted past, sitting in a lonely diner or train station (I love train stations) reflecting on life, the universe, and everything...

If you can't already tell, WE LOVE MR. GONE. Of all your characters, he is the one who has perhaps grown in our minds beyond your original intentions. We love him because he's the guy, once an ordinary, midwestern-looking fellow, who just stepped out of human society and found something darker and more mysterious on the other side, and could never be the same again. And his head rules. It's such a nice shape.

T. Pirtle and the M'Boro Maxxers
Murfreesboro, TN

Don't worry. Gone's not going anywhere.

PS: HOUSEKEEPING DETAILS WE GET ASKED ALL THE TIME: No subscriptions or retail sales available/sorry. Use "Head-to-Head" to find back issues/fan clubs/whatever (use the address in the indicia)/postcards are cheap and easy like us, WRITE LEGIBLY. No we don't print all the letters or art we get too many, yes SAM DOES read them ALL. You might get answered or printed or edited/you might not/life's funny that way. B&W art has better chance of being published than color. Can't return artwork/sorry. Keep 'em coming/the better the letters and submissions, the better the book! Oh yeah.





LANA MONTANO
Santa Clara, Ca



ALEX
Brownsville, Or



Christopher Troutman



Sam Chauvin
Jacksonville, FL

